MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY

NO. 43

10¢

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY

NO. 43

10¢

OVER 100 SWELL PRIZES

Yes, sir, just wait until your chums see you working experiments with YOUR complete Chemistry Set! Wait until they see you sporting that new first-base mitt or that big fishing kit, or any number of wonderful prizes that you'll choose from my big new catalog! Their eyes will pop open then, we'll betcha!

Well, you don't have to WAIT any longer to get started on the road to fun and success! These fine prizes are yours for the earning—STARTING TODAY! All you'll do is to deliver Collier's magazines to customers you'll obtain in your own neighborhood! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, and you'll find it's the easiest thing you've ever done!

PROFITS

You'll earn plenty of spending money, too! One fourth of all the cash you'll handle will be your profit! Fill your pockets with nickels, dimes and quarters! Keep 'em jinglin'! Be a business success! Fill out and clip the coupon at the bottom of this page, then mail it to me! Do it NOW!

WAR STAMPS

With our Country at war, we ALL want to do our most to slap the Jap and knock out the Nazis! Here's your chance to be the neighborhood Ranger by earning War Stamps through your Collier's Sales! Give Uncle Sam a boost toward Victory! For details, mail the coupon to me NOW!

Don't Delay—Do It Today!

Fill Out and MAIL This COUPON NOW!

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 966
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Sure, I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing the prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State..... Your Age.....

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn., by Timely Comics, Inc. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1942 by Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St. New York, N.Y., Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 1, No. 43, May, 1943 issue. Yearly subscription $1.00 in the U.S.A. Art and editorial by Funnies, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

HUMAN TORCH

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS NAZI AGENTS STRIKE AT THE HEART OF AMERICA! THEN THE *HUMAN TORCH* LIGHTS THE FLAME OF VICTORY IN THE...

MYSTERY OF THE AIR RAID SPOTTERS!

COMIC ART COLLECTION

AT THE RAILROAD TERMINAL OF CENTER CITY, A VITAL WAR MATERIAL DEPOT...

SURE IS GREAT, THE WAY THE GOVERNMENT COORDINATED THE SUPPLY LINES, EH, JACK?

YEP. THINGS GOTTA MOVE FAST THESE DAYS!

THE ROAR OF PLANE MOTORS IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

PRIVATE PLANES!

BROTHER, EVERY TIME I HEAR PLANES, I GET THE SHUDDERS!

YEAH! GOOD THING WE KNOW THEY'RE **OUR** PLANES - NOT SCHICKLEGRUBER'S!

ESPECIALLY WITH THIS AMMUNITION AND STUFF BEING LOADED!

BUT, IN THE LEAD PLANE...

AH! WE ARE DIRECTLY OVER THE RAILROAD TERMINAL NOW. GOOD!

JA, CAPTAIN VON SAR.

YOU WILL SIGNAL THE OTHER PLANES TO DROP THEIR BOMBS! HA!

SUDDENLY THE PLANES SWOOP DOWN, UNLOADING DEADLY CARGO ON THE UN-DEFENDED AND UNPREPARED TARGET.

PERFECT!

BOMBS!!!

THE UNGUARDED CITY IS TURNED INTO A TURMOIL AS THE BOMBS DESTROY AND MAIM!

CALL THE NEAREST ARMY AIR FIELD, BEFORE THE WIRES ARE DOWN!

YEAH—IF I GET THERE!

HELLO! CENTRE CITY CALLING. WE'RE BEING BOMBED!

WHA—? WE'LL SEND PLANES AT ONCE!

IN NEW YORK, TORCH AND TORO ARE DUMBFOUNDED WHEN THEY HEAR···

SPECIAL BULLETIN··· MYSTERY PLANES BOMBED CENTRE CITY THIS AFTERNOON. NO OTHER···

DO YOU THINK THE PLANES MIGHT'VE COME FROM SOME PLANE-CARRIER, TORCH?

THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!

NO··· CENTRE CITY IS FIVE HUNDRED MILES INLAND.

FLAMING UP, THE WHIZZING SONS OF FIRE FLASH INTO THE LATE AFTERNOON SKY.

WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, TORCH!

YES, TORO. WE MUST STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS MESS BEFORE THE NATION'S MORALE IS RUINED!

WHILE, BACK IN THE BOMBED CITY, SPEEDY UNITED STATES' PURSUIT CRAFT ROAR OVERHEAD!

THE CITY'S A WRECK!

THE BOMBERS HAVE LEFT—WE'RE TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY--

EVERYTHING IS WORKING AS PLANNED. THAT TAKES CARE OF CENTRE CITY!

I HAF SOME CALLING CARDS READY, HERR KAPITAN!

ON THIS NEXT STOP WE WILL BOMB THE PEOPLE AND CAUSE PANIC AND DEATH!

HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE F.B.I. AND ARMED INTELLIGENCE FIND THEMSELVES STUMPED.

NOT A TRACE OF THOSE MYSTERY PLANES!

VANISHED COMPLETELY!

SUDDENLY!

LOOK, SIR! THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO!

LOOK, TORO! THERE'S GENERAL ELBERT, OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE!

WOW! GOING SO FAST I ALMOST MISSED HIM!

TORCH IMMEDIATEL VOLUNTEERS HIS SERVICES.

I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE TO WORK ON, TORCH.

HOW ABOUT AIRPLANE SPOTTERS? WOULDN'T THEY HAVE SEEN OR HEARD THE PLANES?

HERE'S THE REPORT, TORCH.

WHAT? NO SPOTTER SAW NOR HEARD THE PLANES COME OR GO? HMMM...

SUDDENLY, TORCH GETS AN IDEA.

C'MON, TORO··· LET'S GET GOING!

WHERE TO TORCH?

A MOMENT LATER···

NO PLANE COULD GET PAST AN AIR-PLANE LISTENING POST.

THEN SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THE SPOTTERS!

HERE'S AN OBSERVATION POST. LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

LOOKS KIND OF QUIET!

INSIDE···

HE'S DEAD!

LET'S CHECK THE NEXT POST, TORCH.

AT THE NEXT POST···

THIS ONE'S DEAD ALSO!

THIS IS BETTING TO BE A HABIT!

AGAIN THE HUMAN FIREBALLS STREAK THROUGH THE NIGHT.

DEATH AT EVERY POST! I WONDER WHAT WE'LL FIND AT THIS ONE?

SOME ONE TO SPEAK TO. I HOPE!

MAYBE WE'LL GET SOME INFO HERE

DER HUMAN TORCH!

OUT MIT DER LIGHTS!

THE MEN FLEE THE HOUSE— BUT...

THIS FIRE GRENADE WILL STOP 'EM!

RUN! WE MUST FULFILL OUR MISSION!

NAZIS, TORCH!

THEY KNOW SOMETHING THAT I MEAN TO FIND OUT!

GIVE 'EM MORE!

YAAH!

BOOM

YA

THIS ONE IS MINE!

TALK—AND TALK FAST!

N-NO! I'LL DIE FIRST!

EIEEE!

MINE COMMITTED SUICIDE, TORO!

THIS ONE'S ABOUT READY TO TALK!

BUT...

NO... NO TALK! AIEGHHH!

WOW! HE'S COMMITTING SUICIDE TOO!

I'M ONTO THIS NAZI SCHEME, TORO... BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

UP THEY ZOOM!

FIFTH COLUMNISTS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE POSTS TO SIMPLIFY THE BOMBING!

NO WONDER THE PLANES WEREN'T SPOTTED!

THE SPIES MUST WORK FAST BECAUSE THE PLOT WILL BE DISCOVERED AS SOON AS THE NEXT SHIFT COMES ON DUTY.

YEAH··· BUT WHERE DID THE MYSTERY PLANES GO?

I HAVE A HUNCH THEY'RE HEADING FOR PITTSTOWN. STEP ON IT!

MEANWHILE···

THESE PLANE'S ARE SLOW, BUT WE ARRIVED IN PITTSTOWN BEFORE DAWN.

DEN- MORE BOMBS. HAH!

NOW, WE'LL WRECK THE PLANE FACTORY AND LEAVE. SIMPLE! HA! HA!

SWIFTLY, THE STRANGE NAZI SQUADRON APPROACHES ITS UNSUSPECTING TARGET.

HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!

THERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE!

HEIL HITLER!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PITTSTOWN, A POLICEMAN HEARS THE ONCOMING PLANES.

IT MAY BE THE MYSTERY BOMBERS. I'D BETTER GIVE THE ALARM.

TWEEEE-T-

A NEARBY SQUAD CAR SPEEDS OVER...

PLANES, SIR! MIGHT BE THE SAME ONES THAT BOMBE CENTRE CITY

BETTER CHECK.

SQUAD CAR 34 REPORTING. PLANES OVER CITY!

SECONDS LATER...

ORDER ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES IN OPERATION. PLANES APPROACHING CITY.

YES, SIR.

BLACKOUT REGULATIONS

PLANES?

BE MIGHTY HARD TO BLAST 'EM OUT OF THE SKY WITHOUT SEARCHLIGHTS!

WE'LL DO IT WITHOUT 'EM!

NOT FAR OFF, TORCH AND TORO CRASH-DIVE.

LEAD THE WAY--WE MUST STOP THEM!

THE PLANES! LET'S GO, TORO!

THAT POLISHES OFF YOUR NAZI NOSE! NOW I'M GONNA CATCH SOME MORE OF THESE HITLER HERRINGS!

THAT'S THE END OF HIS TALE. NOW FOR THE OTHERS!

MEANWHILE... IN THE LEADING PLANE—

AAAAH! WE'RE APPROACHING THE AIRPLANE FACTORY... GIVE THE SIGNAL!

NO! NO, VON SAR! LOOK!

ACH DU LIEBER! THE HUMAN TORCH!

WITH A SHRIEK OF DEFIANCE, THE NAZI DIPS HIS WINGS IN THE PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL.

HEIL HITLER!

I'LL SOON FIX THAT, TORO!

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS HAVEN'T LIGHTS TO SPOT THESE BIRDS, TORCH!

TORCH AND TORO FORM A HUGE "HOOP OF FIRE" THAT ILLUMINATES THE SKY.

YOU BET! WATCH ME TAKE A SHOT AT THEM, MYSELF.

NOW THEY MAKE PERFECT TARGETS!

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE LIGHT.

IT'S A CINCH NOW!

GOT ANOTHER ONE!

WITH AMAZING ACCURACY, THE NAZI PLANES ARE BLASTED OUT OF THE SKY.

MEANWHILE...

WE HAVE NO EQUIPMENT FOR FIGHTING OUTSIDE THE BOMBERS!

WE MUST GET AWAY!

THE LEADER'S PLANE! HE'S DROPPING OUT OF RANGE OF THE FIRE HOOP!

THEN, LET'S PUT HIM BACK IN PLACE!

THERE ISS A BASEBALL FIELD. IT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR A LANDING!

VON SAR LANDS HIS PLANE ON THE BASEBALL DIAMOND.

LITTLE DOES HE KNOW!... WE DID FOLLOW HIM!

THE NEW FUR SENSATION

SPOTTER OTTER.

I.I.K.L WOLF

QUICK— FOLLOW ME!

ACH! THEY'VE FOLLOWED US!... THE GAS TANK— MY ONLY CHANCE!

VON SAR RACES BACK TO HIS PLANE...

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER OR...

FLAME OFF TORO, OR WE'LL BLOW UP THE GAS TANK!

RIGHTO!

I'M JUST AS HOT WITH MY FIST, MURDERER!

OWW!

GET HEP! I'M HOT, TOO!

YAAH!

BUT-

OOPS!

THIS WILL FIX YOU— YOU YANKEE PIG!

TORCH, SEEING TORO'S PREDICAMENT, SEIZES VON SAR AND---

OH!

NOW, TRY FLYING!

--- LIKE A BASEBALL!

WOW!

NOW, PERHAPS YOU'LL TALK!

I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR, TORCH!

SPILL IT, SUCKER!

YES--- I WAS FORMERLY AIR-MARSHAL FOR THE KAISER. I VOLUNTEERED AS AN AIRPLANE SPOTTER, AND---

WHEN THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE, **TORCH** EXPLAINS

---AFTER STEALING THE PLANES FROM A PRIVATE AIRPORT, THEY FIGURED ON RETURNING AND ASSUMING THE VEIL OF INNOCENCE AS PRIVATE CITIZENS!

YES--- WHEN WE EXAMINED ONE OF THE "DUD BOMBS", WE FOUND OUT THEY WERE **HOME-MADE**

THE MESS CLEARED, TORCH AND TORO WING OUT OF THE PARK.

WELL, TORCH, THAT'S ONE BUNCH THAT'LL NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE AGAIN!

NO--- NOT WITH US AROUND AT ANY RATE, TORO!

SIMMONS FIELD

ITTSTON BURGUS

WE MUST TEACH ALL OUR ENEMIES THAT IT IS *DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH FIRE!*

DO YOUR PART--- *STRIKE THE SPARK FOR LIBERTY!*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

AND DON'T FORGET *THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO* FLAME INTO ACTION AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S

Marvel Comics

SUB-MARINER

AH, RIZZ! I SEE A NICE, FAT AMERICAN CARGO SHIP! TORPEDOES READY!

TORPEDOES READY!

EXCELLENT!

THE SUBMARINE MENACE TAKES A HEAVY TOLL OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.

ABANDON SHIP!

WHERE THE HECK DID THAT SUB COME FROM?

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE COAST GUARD COMMANDER---

ANOTHER OF OUR SHIPS WENT DOWN YESTERDAY, ADMIRAL-TORPEDOED JUST OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK HARBOR!

THE SUB DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE, SIR!

THESE SINKINGS COULD BE THE WORK OF A ***SINGLE SUB-MARINE INSIDE THE HARBOR!*** NO ENEMY SHIP COULD MOVE ABOUT SO FREELY, OTHERWISE.

IN RESPONSE TO AN URGENT CALL, **SUB-MARINER** ARRIVES AT THE ADMIRAL'S OFFICE TWO DAYS LATER.

GOOD ATERNOON, GENTLEMEN. YOU WANTED TO SEE ME. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

THE ADMIRAL EXPLAINS THE SITUATION---

I WOULD AGREE THAT A NAZI SUB MIGHT HAVE MANAGED TO SNEAK THROUGH THE COAST GUARD PATROL. BUT, NOW THAT IT **IS** INSIDE THE HARBOR, IT HAS TO BE ***MOTHERED*** SOMEWHERE!

YOU HAVE A PLAN, SUB-MARINER?

I HAVE --- OUR GREATEST PROBLEM IS TO FIND JUST WHERE THAT PIG-BOAT HIDES OUT, SO---

AND, THE NEXT DAY, PUZL, OUR VILLAIN, HEARS---

OUR SHIP LEAVES THIS AFTERNOON WITHOUT ANY CONVOY. I HEAR THEY'VE PLOTTED OUT A NEW, SAFE ROUTE TO RUSSIA!

THE AMERICANS WILL FIND OUT IT'S **NOT** SAFE - WHEN I'M THROUGH!

HA?

RUZZ GOES TO WORK---

GET YOUR SUBMARINE LOADED AND READY, COMMANDER. THE AMERICANS HAVE NOW A SAFE ROUTE TO RUSSIA!

VE VILL FIX DESE OVER-CONFIDENT YANKEES!

MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN.

THIS TUB'S HARDLY SEAWORTHY, BUT IT SHOULD HOLD TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH TO PUT ME ON THAT SUB'S TAIL!

WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF SUB-MARINER.

YOU HAVE ONLY A SKELETON CREW ON BOARD, CAPTAIN? AND THE LIFE RAFTS HAVE BEEN LOOSENED?

EVERYTHING IS READY. THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY MEN ABOARD-- BUT WE DON'T EXPECT TO GO FAR, YOU KNOW!

A SHORT DISTANCE OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR, ABOARD THE CARGO SHIP, THE LOOKOUT SOUNDS THE OMINOUS CALL!

PERISCOPE! OFF PORT BOW! SUBMARINE!

AHA! THEY BIT- SET READY TO JUMP!

AND, AS THE SUB TAKES AIM--

GET GOING, BOYS! THERE'S A TORPEDO COMING OUR WAY!

THE "TIN-FISH" EXPLODES WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR, AND THE VESSEL IS SPLIT IN TWO!

YHAH!

WHILE THE CREW SWIMS FOR THE LIFE RAFTS, SUB-MARINER GIVES CHASE.

NOW, TO FOLLOW THE SUB!

HE DIVES DOWN DEEP...

NOT SO HARD TO FIND, IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK— AND HEADING IN TO SHORE, TOO!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SUB...

THAT WILL MAKE THE AMERICANS CHANGE THEIR MINDS ABOUT A SAFER ROUTE!

LOOK, RUZZ!

DERE'S SOMETING IN DER VATER! IT'S FOLLOWING US!

THAT'S NO IT— THAT'S THE SUB-MARINER!

REAR TORPEDO TUBE

THE REAR TORPEDO TUBE! — HE'S RIGHT IN POSITION!

REAR TORPEDO TUBE

HURRY UP! DUMBKOPF-

JA-JA- HERR COMMANDANT!

WELL- LOOK AT THAT! — A REAR OBSERVATION PLATFORM! THOSE NAZIS TRAVEL IN STYLE!

I'LL BET THEY NEVER THOUGHT I'D COME PEEPING AROUND, THOUGH! WONDER WHY THEY'RE LOADING THAT REAR TORPEDO TUBE?

SIZZLING SNAKES! THEY'RE AIMING AT ME!

I'D BETTER MOVE FAST!

OOOPS!

ZOOM!

BUT SUB-MARINER HASN'T MOVED SWIFTLY ENOUGH AND THE SPEEDING TORPEDO STRIKES HIM A GLANCING BLOW THAT SENDS HIM DOWN— UNCONSCIOUS!

WE MISSED- BUT THE PRESSURE MUST HAVE KILLED HIM!

HEAD BACK TO OUR SECRET BASE- QUICK!

JA, HERR RUTZ! NOW THERE IS NO ONE WHO CAN FIND IT!

LATER: SUB-MARINER COMES TO-

WWOOO! AM I DIZZY!

NAMOR RISES TO THE SURFACE.

I WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT ONE- AND THOSE NAZIS GOT AWAY! I KNOW I WAS HEADING FOR SHORE, BUT- THERE'S A LOT OF SHORE LINE TO NEW YORK!

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT TO SWIM ALONG. MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A CLUE...

AS DUSK FALLS, NAMOR IS HEADING UP THE HUDSON RIVER.

IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS THOUGH I'VE MISSED THE BOAT! HMM--- WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

OH-A SHOW BOAT! WELL, I'M LOOKING FOR A SUB- AND THIS IS A LITTLE TOO BIG TO BE IT!

RUSS SHOW BOAT
DANCING AND DARKING
MUSIC BY
JIM HARRIS AND HIS
LIBERATING RHYTHM
OPENING TONIGHT

AS SUB-MARINER IS ABOUT TO SWIM AWAY...

SA-AY! WHAT'S THAT BEAM OF LIGHT? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A BLACKOUT AROUND HERE!

WONDER WHERE IT'S COMING FROM? THE SHOWBOAT HASN'T ANY LIGHTS SHOWING- NO LIGHTS ON SHORE - NO MOON!

G TONIGHT

THE LIGHT'S COMING FROM UNDER THAT FLOATING NIGHT CLUB! I'M GOING TO HAVE A--- IT'S BONE OUT!- AND IT'S TOO DARK HERE TO SEE ANYTHING NOW!

HIS SUSPICIONS AROUSED, SUB-MARINER RACES BACK TO SHORE.

HMM-- I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS FROM THE INSIDE! MAYBE THAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO HUNT SUBS, AFTER ALL!

NAMOR CALLS HIS FRIEND BETTY DEAN, OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT!

HELLO, BETTY! I'M HOT ON A TRAIL AND I NEED YOU AROUND FOR ATMOSPHERE. CAN YOU MEET ME AT RUZZ'S SHOW BOAT IN AN HOUR?

OH- FORMAL, EH? ALL RIGHT. I'LL BE THERE.

AND SO, ONE HOUR LATER---

HELLO, YOU OVERDRESSED SEA HORSE! WHAT'S UP?

PLENTY!

SUB-MARINER EXPLAINS HIS HUNCH.

HMM-- I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT RUZZ, NAMOR.

WHAT'S THE DIRT, BETTY?

RUZZ SHOW BOAT

THE F.B.I. HAD HIM UP FOR QUESTIONING A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO. I'M AFRAID HE'S FOOL-PROOF.

I'M NOT SO SURE BUT WE'LL SEE!

THEY ENTER THE SHOWBOAT---

GREETINGS AND GOOD- EVENING!

LOOK, NAMOR, THERE'S RUZZ NOW!

THAT HEFTY LAD?

WELL! THAT'S THE HORSE-FACE I SAW IN THE SUBMARINE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER---

EXCUSE ME, BETTY. I'VE GOT MORE TRAILING TO DO. YOUR FRIEND, RUZZ, JUST WALKED OUT!

LOW GRADE ARMOR

PENICILLIN

RHYTHM

HE'S GOING DOWN INTO THE HOLD! MAYBE I'LL GET SOME PLACE NOW!

I AM BEING FOLLOWED. PROBABLY AN F.B.I. MAN. WELL- I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF *HIM!*

RUZZ LEANS DOWN TO PRESS A BUTTON AND THEN---

HE WHIRLS AROUND AND SHOUTS AN ORDER AS SUB-MARINER LEAPS- AND THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY ALIVE WITH GERMANS!

SIEZE HIM! HE'S BEEN SPYING--- SUB-MARINER!

ACH!

NICE WORK, NAMOR! THAT SUB IS UNDERNEATH! WOW!

THIS FLOOR SHOW STARTS WHEN YOU HIT THE FLOOR, MISTER NAZI!

DESPERATELY, THE SAILORS TRY TO HOLD SUB-MARINER...

HEY- YOU HUN BUMS! LEGGO MY MONKEY SUIT!

R-R-RIP

A NAZI SAILOR TAKES SWIFT ADVANTAGE OF NAMOR'S MOMENTARY DISTRACTION.

NOW- GET HIM!

JA, HERR FUZZ.

CHAIN HIM!- THOUGHT YOU WERE SMART--- MASQUERADING IN THE TUXEDO, EH, MISTER SUB-MARINER!

YOU'RE DOING A NEAT BIT OF MASQUERADING, TOO, AREN'T YOU?

THE WATER PRINCE PERMITS THE NAZIS TO HOLD HIM, HOPING TO GET SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

WE MUST REFUEL IMMEDIATELY. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE STOP THAT TROOP CONVOY FROM LEAVING FOR AFRICA!

THOSE TROOPS WILL NEVER REACH THEIR DESTINATION!

WELL, IT'S THE LAST JOB YOU'LL PULL. THE COAST GUARD IS LOOKING FOR THAT SUB, AND I'D LIKE TO SEE IT RETURN HERE WITHOUT SHOWING A PERISCOPE!

THAT IS SIMPLE. ONCE IT IS NEAR, I HAVE A BEAM OF LIGHT FLASHING UNDER-WATER, WHICH GUIDES IT TO ITS BERTH- WHERE IT REFUELS AND RELOADS TORPEDOES, ALL OF WHICH WERE STORED ON BOARD BEFORE THE WAR BEGAN.

A SWEET LITTLE SCHEME

SINCE YOU ARE SO INTERESTED - AND NOW SO *HARMLESS* - YOU SHALL LIVE TO SEE HOW PERFECTLY WE GERMANS PLAN! YOU SHALL WATCH THE SUBMARINE RETURN SAFELY.

THAT'S KIND OF YOU, RUZZ.

PLEASE, HERR RUZZ - DERE ISS NO TIME TO WASTE, .IN TALK!

MEANWHILE, BETTY DEAN GROWS IMPATIENT.

NAMOR HAS BEEN GONE TOO LONG NOT TO BE MIXED UP IN TROUBLE. I'M GOING TO FIND HIM!

SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO ACT JUST AS BETTY REACHES THE FOOT OF THE COMPANION WAY.

HE CAME DOWN HERE, I KNOW!

ID ISS ANODDER SPY!

HARMLESS, AM I? THE NAZIS WILL HAVE TO MAKE STRONGER CHAINS BEFORE THEY'LL HOLD ME!

SUB-MARINER SNAPS HIS BONDS JUST AS THE NAZI GUARDS GRAB BETTY.

BETTY! HEY - YOU SWINIES! LET HER GO!

LOOK OUOT!

SNAP!

CRACK!

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO LOOK!

LEAVING BETTY TO GUARD THE SAILORS, NAMOR STARTS AFTER THE CHIEF NAZI.

NOW, TO GET RUZZ BEFORE THAT SUB CAN GET AWAY!

BE CAREFUL, SUB-MARINER!

BY THIS TIME, RUZZ IS READY TO START REFUELING THE SUBMARINE.

THE HOSE CONNECTIONS ARE TIGHT— OPEN THE VALVES AND START POURING.

NO! LET ME!

OIL

AND SAVES RUZZ FOR THE LAST!

I SAID THE SUB COULDN'T GET BACK— I'M GOING TO SEE THAT IT DOESN'T!

STRIKING FURIOUS BLOWS, SUB-MARINER OVERCOMES RUZZ'S CREW

I WANT TO POUR IT ON!

OIL

MINUTES LATER— INSIDE THE SUBMARINE...

THE OIL GAUGE REGISTERS "FULL" NOW, HERR COMMANDANT.

SOOT! I'LL TELL RUZZ AND DEN VE LEAVE!

VE HAVE ENOUGH, HERR RUZZ. VE—

VHAT!

LISTEN, PUDGY— I HAVE PLENTY OF YOU GUYS TO TAKE CARE OF NOW! SO SCRAM DOWN YOUR LITTLE HATCH AND— DISAPPEAR!

FOLLOWING SUB-MARINER'S ADVICE, THE SUB COMMANDER DASHES BACK INTO THE SUB AND SLAMS THE HATCH!

DER SUB-MARINER IS LOOSE! START DER MOTORS! FULL SPEED AHEAD! VE MUST ESCAPE!

IMMEDIATELY, THE SUB LEAVES ITS STRANGE BASE.

NAMOR TIES THE UNCONSCIOUS GERMANS WITH THEIR OWN ROPE, KNOWING IT WILL HOLD THEM!

I PHONED FOR THE POLICE AND THE COAST GUARD.

GOOD!

SUDDENLY BETTY SPOTS THE OIL PIPE LINE---

NAMOR! THE SUBMARINE!... IT DIDN'T GET OFF?

OFF— BUT NOT AWAY! YOU LET THE NAZIS WORRY ABOUT THAT!

AND, IN THE NAZI SUB, SOMEWHERE IN THE HUDSON RIVER---

VE HAFF STOPPED, HERR COMMANDANT! THE MOTORS—THEY DO NOT VORK!

HIMMEL! VE ARE TRAPPED!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER--- BETTY AND NAMOR WATCH THE COURSE OF EVENTS WITH INTEREST FROM THE DECK OF THE SHOW BOAT.

THE SUB JUST SURFACED AND A COAST GUARD CUTTER IS SHELLING IT! NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SUB-MARINER? HOW DID YOU DO IT?

IT WAS SIMPLE. I JUST ATTACHED THE END OF THE PIPE LINE TO THE WATER FAUCET!

ONCE AGAIN SUB-MARINER DEFEATS THE NAZI MENACE!!!

BOOM

$100.00 in CASH PRIZES!

FOR THE BEST LETTERS TELLING US WHAT YOU LIKE OR DISLIKE IN MARVEL COMICS!

YOU

HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT WHAT GOES INTO YOUR

MARVEL COMIC BOOK!

FOLLOW THE RULES BELOW!

RULES

WRITE NUMBERS IN CIRCLES AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER IN WHICH EACH CHARACTER APPEALS TO YOU FROM FIRST PLACE ——TO SEVENTH PLACE!——

A LETTER **MUST** ACCOMPANY YOUR SELECTION STATING WHY YOU LIKE OR DISLIKE EACH CHARACTER STRIP APPEARING IN MARVEL COMICS!

THE VISION.... ○

TERRY VANCE.. ○

SUB-MARINER.. ○

THE ANGEL... ○

HUMAN TORCH.. ○

JIMMY JUPITER.. ○

THE PATRIOT... ○

PRIZES

FIRST....	$50.00
SECOND....	$25.00
THIRD....	$10.00
NEXT FIFTEEN	$1.00
TOTAL	$100.00

WRITE YOUR LETTER NOW! YOU MAY BE THE WINNER!

MARVEL COMICS

330 W. 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

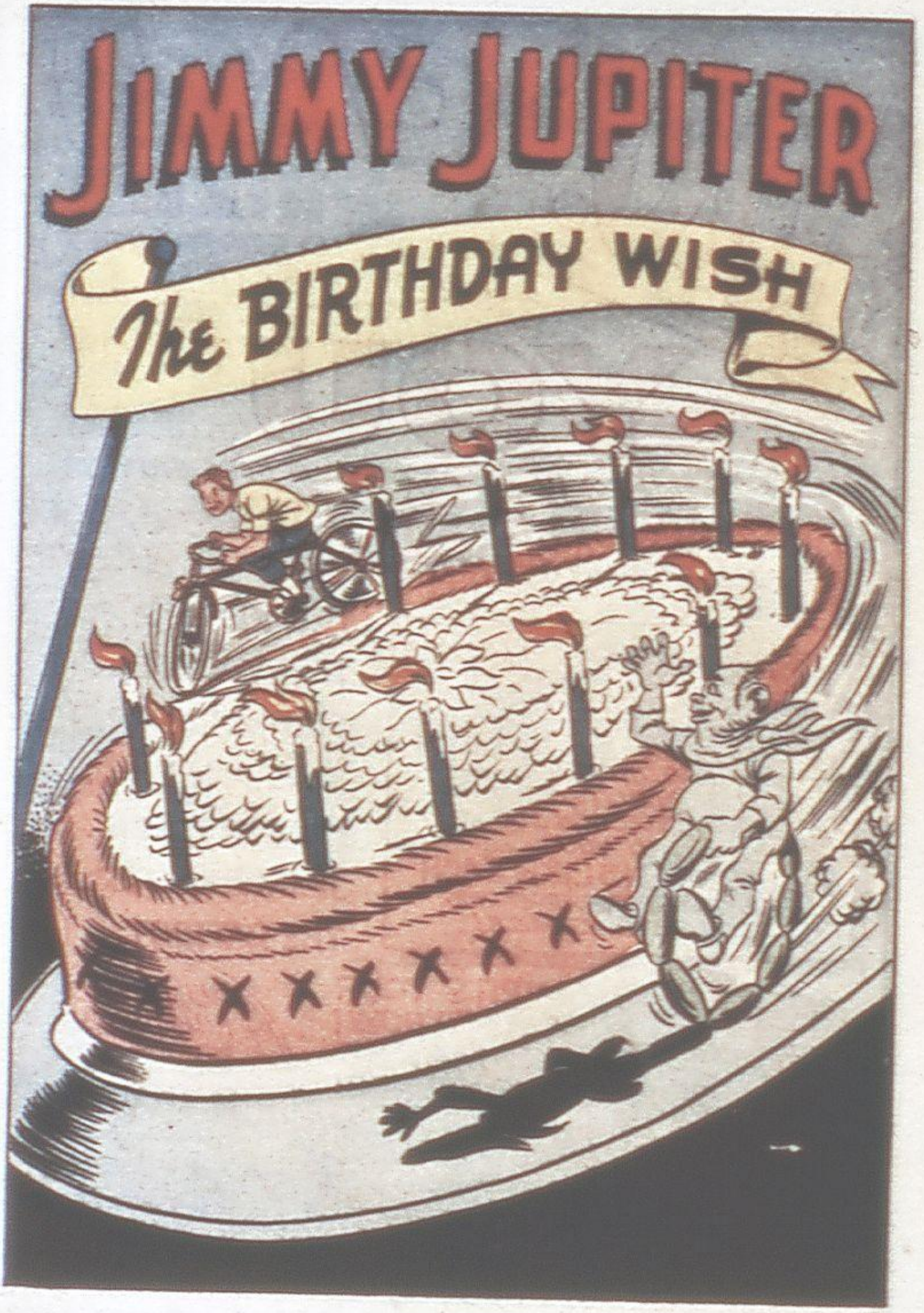
BE SURE TO SIGN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON THE LETTER!

ALL LETTERS MUST BE IN BEFORE JUNE 1ST.

WINNERS WILL BE CHOSEN JUNE 15TH

JIMMY JUPITER

The BIRTHDAY WISH



ONE DAY, AFTER SCHOOL···

GET SET, GANG! HERE COMES THE ENGLISH REFUGEE KID!

OH, BOY! THIS WILL BE FUN!

WANT TO JOIN OUR SECRET SOCIETY, KID?

NO, THANK YOU!

AW, C'MON— IT'S FUN!

LET ME GO! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE!

AS THE BOY IS ABOUT TO BE PADDLED···

BEAT IT, FELLERS! HERE COMES JIMMY JUPITER!

THAT'S IT! WHACK HIM!

JIMMY GRABS THE BULLY!

WHY DON'T YOU STOP GANGING UP ON KIDS?

AW, WE WERE ONLY FOOLING! LEMME ALONE— I'LL SCRAM!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT.

AND YOU WON'T TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?

NO— BUT THANKS A LOT!

CHEERIO!

SO LONG!

HE'S A GOOD CHAP!

LATER, THAT AFTERNOON···

THAT'S A SWELL BIKE! I WISH I'D GET ONE FOR MY BIRTHDAY, TOMORROW.

AS JIMMY SPINS THE WHEEL---

EENIE-MEENIE, I WISH---

I WISH I HAD A BICYCLE— WHO ARE YOU?

WELL- GO ON— GO ON! WHAT DO YOU WISH?

SUDDENLY A STRANGE-LOOKING BIRTHDAY WHEEL APPEARS---

I'M EENIE-MEENIE. I DRIVE THE BIRTHDAY WHEEL AND COLLECT BIRTHDAY WISHES. CLIMB ABOARD!

MAY I HAVE MORE WISHES?

TWO MORE- ONE FOR YOURSELF--- ANOTHER FOR SOME ONE ELSE!

TAKE THIS LOLLYPOP JIMMY, AND POINT IT WHERE YOU WANT TO GO!

WE'RE MOVING! HOW DO YOU STEER?

LOOK! THERE'S SIDNEY!

WHO IS HE?

THE ENGLISH BOY WHO NEVER PLAYS. WISH HE COULD HAVE SOME REAL FUN!

AS JIMMY POINTS THE LOLLYPOP...

OH!

THE WHEEL IS GONE!

LET'S PLAY LEAP FROG!

YOU NEVER PLAY GAMES AT SCHOOL

YOU NEVER ASK ME TO.

SIDNEY SUDDENLY STRAIGHTENS UP AND--

OH! IT WAS ALL IN FUN!

THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK!

JUST THEN, A RAGING BULL CRASHES OUT OF THE BUSHES!

YOWEE!

BY JOVE!

UP HERE, SID!-- THAT BUFFALO IS STILL COMING!!!

MOVE OVER!

©

DON'T COME OUT- THE LIMB MIGHT BREAK!

THE LIMB DOES BREAK!

OH-OH-H!

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP! OH— HE'S DROWNING!

HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!

JIMMY CARRIES THE LIMP BOY TO THE SHORE BUT···

OH— I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I WISH EENIE-MEENIE WERE HERE!

DID SOME ONE CALL FOR ME?

SIDNEY IS HURT— TAKE HIM HOME!

BUT, OF COURSE!

EENIE-MEENIE CLIMBS BACK ON THE WHEEL WITH SIDNEY.

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

THERE! ALL SET!

OH-H! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

THE WHEEL HITS JIMMY—

OH-H!

BANG!

WATCH OUT!

WHEN JIMMY AWAKENS...

OUCH! WHO DID THAT? — OH- JUST ANOTHER DREAM!

THE NEXT DAY, ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL—

HI, SID! SEE MY NEW BIKE!

WANT TO RIDE ON THE HANDLE BARS?

THAT WOULD BE JOLLY!

THIS IS SWELL!

RIPPING!

LOOK WHO'S HERE!--- IT'S SISSY-BRITCHES!

WHO'S A SISSY BRITCHES?

AH--I DIDN'T MEAN "SO"

YOU LAY OFF SID-- HE'S MY PAL!

AW RIGHT. LET'S PLAY BALL!

WANT TO PLAY SID?

THAT WOULD BE JOL--- THAT WOULD BE SUPER!

WELL- COME ON! BATTER UP!

AND JIMMY'S LAST WISH COMES TRUE--- THE ENGLISH REFUGEE HAS REAL AMERICAN FUN!

The PATRIOT

SUICIDE HEADLINE

MYSTERY TAKES A GRIM STAND AGAINST **THE PATRIOT** WHO, FOR ONCE, IS COMPLETELY BAFFLED!! HE IS CERTAIN THAT MRS. TANG IS DEAD— BUT THEN AGAIN... **IS SHE?**

ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T COME?

WE'RE GOING TO INTERVIEW THE PROFESSOR. IT'LL MAKE A DARNED GOOD YARN!

NO THANKS! SO LONG!

HUM M--- I WONDER---

STAR

CELIA TANG A SUICIDE...

15 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER OF PROFESSOR TANG DEAD. NO MOTIVE FOR SUICIDE ESTABLISHED. MOTHER OF DEAD GIRL DISAPPEARED YEARS AGO.

JEFF MACE GOES DOWN TO THE NEWSPAPER "MORGUE".

LET'S SEE WHAT THE FILES CONTAIN ON THE PROFESSOR.

FILE ROOM

JEFF READS THROUGH THE CLIPPINGS.

"MRS. TANG MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM HER HOME--- NEVER WAS HEARD FROM."--NOTHING STRANGE THERE EXCEPT THE FACT OF HER DISAPPEARANCE. SHE HAD PLENTY OF MONEY IN HER OWN RIGHT, TOO. WELL, NOTHING HERE!

TIME FLIES!

MARY AND CASEY ARE LATE IN GETTING BACK. MAYBE I'LL TAKE A RUN OVER TO THE PROF'S AFTER ALL.

MINUTES LATER---

SO THIS IS TANG'S HOME--- I HOPE HE'S IN!

IS THE PROFESSOR IN?

YES, SIR! COME IN, PLEASE.

SORRY TO BARGE IN LIKE THIS, PROFESSOR. BUT WHERE ARE MARY AND CASEY?

MARY?... CASEY?

YES, THE REPORTERS FROM THE "MORNING STAR".

OH! YOU'RE A *REPORTER!* WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? YOUR FRIENDS AREN'T HERE, SO *GOOD DAY!*

HM-M-- YOUR DAUGHTER WAS A LITTLE YOUNG TO USE LIPSTICK, WASN'T SHE PROFESSOR?

OF COURSE SHE WAS ONLY FIFTEEN.

THEN CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS?

A LIPSTICK CONTAINER!

YOU FOOL! IT'S...

---A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION!

UGH H!

BLOOM

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO HASTY, HENRY. BETTER PUT HIM IN THE CELLAR.

WHEN JEFF COMES TO--

OWW! HEY! HOW DID I GET HERE?

THE DOOR IS LOCKED, BUT THIS LAUNDRY CHUTE SHOULD LEAD INTO THE KITCHEN.

CASTING OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS---

MARY AND CASEY GONE--- SOME ONE KNOCKING ME OUT--- THAT'S ENOUGH TO CONVINCE JEFF MACE THAT THE PATRIOT SHOULD HANDLE THINGS FROM NOW ON.

SQUEEZING INTO THE LAUNDRY CHUTE, PATRIOT MAKES SLOW UPWARD PROGRESS!

UFF!! TIGHT FIT!

AND AT THE TOP---

THERE'S THE BUTLER! LET'S SEE WHERE HE GOES?

THE PATRIOT FOLLOWS THE BUTLER UPSTAIRS.

HE'S GOING TO THE ATTIC. WONDER WHAT'S UP THERE?

WHAT IS HE GIVING TO THE PROFESSOR? IT LOOKS LIKE---

THANK YOU, HENRY.

I'LL BE OVER SOON!

THEN, THE PATRIOT WITNESSES A TERRIBLE THING!

A GUN! THAT WOMAN! DANG'S GOING TO SHOOT HER!

NOW I MUST PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY, MY DEAR.

NO! YOU- YOU MURDERER!

PATRIOT SPRINGS INTO ACTION.

WHO ARE YOU?

THE PATRIOT!

CORRECT, KILLERS!

YEOW!

YOU'LL HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, TANG!

THE GUN SLIDES TO THE WOMAN'S FEET AND...

HA-HA! HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME! HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME, HA-HA!

SUDDENLY...

YAH-H-H-H!

DIE-YOU BEAST!

BANG!

HE KEPT ME LOCKED IN THIS ATTIC FOR EIGHT YEARS! HE SAID I WAS CRAZY. HE WANTED MY MONEY. MY DAUGHTER, CELIA, FOUND ME ONE DAY. SHE... SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE! HE DESERVED WORSE THAN DEATH!

THE MISSING MRS. TANG!

YES! I'LL TELL THE WHOLE WORLD WHAT MY WRETCHED HUSBAND DID TO ME TO GET MY FORTUNE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THEN A STEALTHY MOVE CAUSES THE WOMAN TO SHOUT A WARNING.

LOOK OUT-BEHIND YOU!

I'LL CRACK YOUR HEAD OPEN!

HUH-WHA--?

OWWOOOO!

NO YOU DON'T, UGLY!

HOLD HIM THERE! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!

YES, DO THAT. I *WANT* THEM TO KNOW EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED!

DOWNSTAIRS...

YES... COME AT ONCE!

OH-OH! SOME ONE'S COME IN.

ENTER CASEY AND MARY!!

LOOK! THE PATRIOT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DISGUISING HIS VOICE, THE PATRIOT RELATES WHAT HAPPENED.

MRS. TANG AND THE BUTLER ARE UPSTAIRS.

THE POLICE! BOY, THIS IS A REAL SCOOP!

OH-OH! I'D BETTER SCRAM!

SOME TIME LATER, BACK AT THE OFFICE...

WOW! WHAT A STORY! WE HAVE ON THE TANG CASE! WE GOT THERE RIGHT AFTER THE PATRIOT SOLVED THE MYSTERY!

JUST AS THE POLICE ENTERED, PATRIOT DISAPPEARED, AS USUAL!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO LATE?

OH, WE STOPPED ON THE WAY OVER TO COVER A FIRE. THEN WE WENT ON TO TANG'S. YOU SHOULD HAVE COME!

I'LL BE... BUT THE LIPSTICK CASE...

HOLY SMOKES! IT'S A TUBULAR CIGARETTE LIGHTER! WELL THAT *IS* ONE ON ME!

THERE'S SOMETHING A PATRIOT CAN ALWAYS DO— BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS. — DON'T FORGET!

IN The Bag

THE DOLIN MANSION was situated in a secluded spot. There were no other houses within a half mile of it. The light breeze that was blowing caused the leaf-laden branches of the trees that surrounded the big, antiquated house to cast fantastic shadows in the moonlit night.

Hughe Dolin, crouching behind the tall oak tree, smiled with satisfaction at his own cleverness. He had everything perfectly planned.

Why should he take a third of his late Aunt Matha's fortune, when he could get it all by the simple expedient of having it appear that his two cousins had killed each other!

His Aunt Matha's will hadn't been read yet but he knew what it contained. Two cousins and himself were the only remaining relatives. She had said many times that she would divide her money equally among them. And he also knew about that other clause in the will. He had read it one day when his Aunt had left the will lying on the desk in the library, before placing it in the wall safe. If any of her heirs died before the reading of the will, her fortune was to go to the remaining nephews, or nephew.

Cousin Randolph and Cousin Barry would soon be coming out of the house to enjoy their pipes in the cool evening breeze. They would walk down the pebble path to the gate, where they could see the blinking lights of Valley City, five miles away. . . . And they would be far enough away from the house so that only muffled reports of the revolver shots would reach the house.

Hughe felt in his coat pockets for the two guns that would soon belch forth death. Clever of him to steal Randolph's and Barry's own guns.

And clever, too, how he made them purchase the guns: the anonymous notes that he had sent them, telling them that they were about to die, had done the trick. He knew that both men had a dislike of firearms, that they would leave them in their bedrooms, where it had been easy for him to get them.

He had counted, too, on their not informing the police of the notes, in order not to appear ridiculous should the notes be only a hoax. And, to avoid suspicion, he had sent himself a similar warning.

Yes! To-morrow, when the will was read, he would be the only living heir!

HUGHE NOTICED THE porch door open. Cousin Randolph stood momentarily on the top step and gazed at the stars. He descended the steps and stopped again as a voice called from the porch, "Wait for a minute, Randy. I'll be right with you. I've got to fill my pipe."

As Cousin Barry joined Cousin Randolph on the pebble walk, Hughe tensed.

Hughe watched his cousins stroll leisurely along the path. He smiled grimly as they took turns in blowing smoke rings skyward. At least they were happy as they marched to their death.

The quarrel which he had provoked between them earlier in the day had already been patched up. But the quarrel had served his purpose. The servants had heard and seen the brief tongue battle.

Hughe clutched the guns in his pockets as his victims neared the gate. He stepped from behind the big oak and slowly walked toward them. He felt no shame at the thing he was about to do.

Barry was the first to notice Hughe's approach. "Good evening, Hughe," he said. "I thought you didn't like the evening air."

Hughe kept his voice casual. "Thought I'd get a last view of the city from here," he said. "I'll be leaving to-morrow after the will is read, you know."

"I've got to leave to-morrow, too," Cousin Randolph said in a reluctant tone. "Have to get back to my business."

Hughe's fingers itched to pull the triggers of the guns. Still he controlled himself. There mustn't be any slip-up. Everything had to work as planned. His cousins were standing too close together now. There should be at least ten feet separating them.

Cousin Randolph was left-handed, Cousin Barry was right handed, so the angles of the bullets that entered each

body must coincide with the positions they would naturally be fired from.

Cousin Barry drew a deep breath. "The smell of honeysuckle does things to me," he said, and walked away from the gate toward a clump of honeysuckle.

SLOWLY, Hughe drew the guns. The forty-five in his right hand was to kill Cousin Randolph. The thirty-two, in his left, was to spell death for Cousin Barry.

Randolph stood looking toward the city lights. Barry leaned over the honeysuckle and inhaled deeply again.

Barry straightened up and turned toward Hughe. The moment had arrived!

Hughe squeezed the trigger of the thirty-two. Barry clutched his heart, stumbled and fell forward.

Randolph, a startled look on his face, whirled at the sound of the shot.

A forty-five didn't have to hit the heart to be instantly fatal, Hughe knew. He sent hot lead into Cousin Randolph's stomach.

Hughe had rehearsed his next move, in his mind, a score of times. He quickly wiped his finger-prints from the guns and placed the thirty-two in Cousin Randolph's hand; the forty-five in Cousin Barry's. Then he slid away into the shadows of the trees.

He went into the house through the back door, and made his way to the library, being careful that no one saw him. Calmly, he took a book off the shelf and settled in a chair to read.

It was almost midnight when Graham, the butler, quietly entered the library.

Hughe wasn't aware of his presence until the butler said, "Beg pardon, sir, but have you seen Master Barry or Master Randolph? They went into the garden hours ago and I haven't heard them return yet."

The suddenness of the butler's voice startled Hughe. He took hold of himself.

"I've been absorbed in this book," he said. "I hadn't noticed whether either Barry or Randolph has come in."

"Perhaps, sir, I'd better look outside."

The moment was at hand! "Do that if you want," Hughe said, "but I expect they've already retired."

Hughe heard the porch door open and shut—it would take Graham a few minutes to reach the gate—find his dead cousins.

HUGHE ATE A healthy breakfast, disregarding the policemen who were flitting about the house.

Lieutenant Green, who had arrived an hour after Graham made the tragic discovery, had long since finished his routine work. He had told Hughe that he was checking the guns for ownership and fingerprints. He was also having the three threatening notes examined to see if there were any connection between them and the killings.

Hughe finished his breakfast, then went to the library, where Lieutenant Green was talking to a detective in hushed tones. The detective took three envelopes from his inside coat pocket and handed them to Green.

"I was wondering," Hughe said, when Green turned to face him, "if I should tell you about a quarrel my cousins had yesterday?"

"I've already heard about that from the servants," Lieutenant Green told him.

"May I offer a theory?" Hughe asked.

There was a trace of a smile on Lieutenant Green's face when he said, "Certainly."

"Perhaps the notes weren't a hoax, as I first believed. It is just possible that either Barry or Randolph wrote them—and the other, in some way, learned that fact. They quarreled about that last night, with the result that they killed each other."

Lieutenant Green smiled broadly. "That was what I thought, at first."

Hughe didn't like the way the detective said, "At first!"

Lieutenant Green's shrewd eyes seemed to be boring straight through him. "There was only one thing that changed my mind. I know now that you killed your two cousins!"

Hughe was speechless. Lieutenant Green must be guessing! He had planned everything perfectly. Done everything as he planned it.

"YOU SLIPPED UP ON those notes," Hughe heard the detective say in a voice that seemed far, far away. "You made sure to wipe your fingerprints off the notes; then you put them in sealed envelopes. Your cousins left their fingerprints on their notes when they read them—but, there were no fingerprints on your note because you didn't bother to read it—YOU ALREADY KNEW THE MESSAGE!

Hughe's head began to swim; he slumped to the floor. It wasn't that he would be dealt with for murder which caused him to faint. It was the fact that his perfect plan had failed.

The End.

THE VISION

THE STRANGE SECRET OF A LONG-DEAD SCIENTIST IS BURIED DEEP IN THE DUST OF ANCIENT EGYPT— PROFESSOR BLAINE FINDS THE KEY AND UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO SEEK THE POWER OF GOOD AND EVIL.

THEN, THE NAZI USES THE SECRET OF EVIL AS A WEAPON UNTIL THE VISION APPEARS TO CHAMPION THE CAUSE OF GOOD. WHO WILL WIN? WHICH FORCE IS GREATER IN THE...

The CRYPT OF GOOD and EVIL

WHILE TRANSLATING STONE RECORDS RECENTLY UNCOVERED IN EGYPTIAN RUINS, AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR AT UNIVERSITY OF EGYPT, MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

WHY THIS IS AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!

PROFESSOR ROCHER! PROFESSOR ROCHER! LOOK!!

HE SPLUTTERS AN EXPLANATION TO HIS ASSISTANT..

I-I HAVE JUST TRANSLATED SOMETHING THAT MAY LEAD US TO THE TOMB OF YAMEN THE GREAT CHEMIST OF ANCIENT EGYPT!

H-HERE IS THE ROUGH TRANSCRIPT!

Yamen Buried fifty Rods East by North from Tomb of Tut-Ken-Amen, Body lies between smoking Lamps of Good and Evil!

I-I HAVE HEARD STORIES ABOUT THE CRYPT OF GOOD AND EVIL! IT IS SAID THAT THE SMOKE FROM EITHER LAMP CAN MAKE A MAN COMPLETELY GOOD OR TOTALLY BAD!

DIS IS VONDERFUL, PROFESSOR BLAINE!

IF THIS IS TRUE, VE NAZIS CAN MAKE USE OF THE LAMPS TO FURTHER THE IDEALS OF THE FATHERLAND! JA!

VE MUST ARRANGE AN EXPEDITION AT ONCE, PROFESSOR BLAINE!

YES! YES! IT WOULD BE THE GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE EVER MADE! WE MUST FIND YAMEN'S TOMB!

A WEEK LATER, THE EXPEDITION SETS OUT.

IF MY TRANSLATION IS CORRECT, IT WILL NOT TAKE US LONG, ROCHNER!

THEN, HERR BLAINE, YOU WILL BE A VERY FAMOUS MAN— JA!

THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION IMPATIENTLY. PROFESSOR BLAINE STARTS THE WORK.

WE WILL EXCAVATE HERE! THIS SHOULD LET US DIRECTLY INTO THE BURIAL CHAMBER!

YES SAHIB!

AFTER MANY DAYS OF LABORING UNDER THE DESERT SUN...

THIS IS YAMEN'S TOMB BUT WHERE IS THE...

LOOK! THE NATIVE BOY— HE SEEMS EXCITED!

MUCH SMOKE SAHIB! COME FROM WALL— ME AFRAID!

THE CRYPT OF GOOD AND EVIL! COME ON, ROCHNER!

THE SCIENTISTS RUSH INTO THE TOMB.

THERE ARE THE TWO LAMPS! THE MUMMY BETWEEN THEM MUST BE YAMEN!

BUT— *WHICH* IS THE LAMP OF GOOD AND *WHICH* IS THE LAMP OF EVIL?

I WILL TEST THEM MYSELF! THE LAMP OF EVIL *MUST* BE DESTROYED!

IF IT IS TRULY EVIL I ASLO *WILL* CONTROL IT? JA!

SUDDENLY, ROCHNER PUSHES A MAT THE TOWARD THE NEAREST LAMP.

VE'LL TRY DER SMOKE ON YOU!

NO! NO! SAHIB!

AS THE MAN BREATHES IN THE SMOKE A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE.

KILL! KILL!

THE NAZI TAKES A SWIFT ADVANTAGE.

YES! YOU WILL KILL! KILL PROFESSOR BLAINE!

HE-HE HAS INHALED THE SMOKE FROM THE LAMP OF EVIL! IT IS TRUE!

AS THE DEADLY KNIFE STRIKES OUT AT BLAINE A FAMILIAR FIGURE MATERIALIZES FROM THE LAMP OF GOOD— THE VISION!

STOP! THERE IS ENOUGH EVIL NOW IN THE WORLD, ROCHNER!

THE VISION!

SPRINGS FORWARD TO SAVE BLAINE'S LIFE!

YOU HAVE UNLEASHED TWO POWERFUL FORCES, PROFESSOR!

NOTICED THE NAZI HIDES BEHIND THE LAMP OF EVIL!

DIS BELLOWS! I VILL USE IT TO OVERCOME DE CODER NATIVES!

BREATHE DEEP! I HAV VORK FOR YOU TO DO! JA!

OOOH SMOKE CHOKE ME! —BAD!

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE STRANGE SMOKE, THEY PROVE WILLING TOOLS.

KILL THE VISION! KILL PROFESSOR BLAINE! I COMMAND YOU!

YES, SAHIB!

ROCHNER, YOU KNOW HOW TO USE 'EVIL' AS A WEAPON— I WILL TEACH YOU THAT 'GOOD' IS A STRONGER POWER! PROFESSOR, STAY BEHIND ME!

YOU SEE— YOU HAVE NEED OF SHARP SWORDS AND POINTED SPEARS!

THE VISION DODGES THE THRUSTS OF THE RAZOR-SHARP WEAPONS...

EVIL IS NOT POWER BUT WEAKNESS! PUT UP YOUR WEAPONS AND YOU WILL SEE!

BAH! ONE GOOD BULLET ISS BETTER THAN TEN SPEARS!

BUT THE VISION TURNS.

YOUR SON CAN ONLY DESTROY, ROCHNER, IF IT GOES OFF!

SO, THE NAZIS WOULD USE THE SECRET OF EVIL TO DESTROY THE WORLD!

JA! UND YOU VILL NOT STOP ME!

I WILL— OOPS!

HE TRIPPED!

AS THE VISION ATTEMPTS TO RECOVER HIS BALANCE.

INTO THE LAMP OF EVIL YOU GO! HEIL HITLER.

NO!

SOMETHING'S HA-HAPPENING TO ME! I FEEL A STRANGE PULL TOWARD — EVIL!

HAH! YOU ARE NOW EVIL VISION! I SHALL MAKE THE GOOD PROFESSOR BLAINE EVIL TOO.

NO! NO! I WILL NEVER DO YOUR VILE BIDDING, ROCHNER!

THAT'S WHAT THE VISION SAID BEFORE HE SMELLED THE SMOKE OF EVIL. BLAINE! PUSH HIM CLOSE!

AFTER BREATHING OF THE SMOKE, BLAINE COMES UNDER THE NAZIS POWER AND—

I VILL SEND FOR NAZI SCIENTISTS TO ANALYZE THE CHEMICALS IN THE SMOKE OF EVIL AND PREPARE IT IN HUGE QUANTITIES TO SAVE DER FUEHRER! JA!

IT IS A GOOD IDEA, PROFESSOR ROCHNER, YOU ARE CLEVER!

TAKE THIS HAMMER VISION, YOU MUST DESTROY THE LAMP OF GOOD!

YES, ROCHNER, I WILL DESTROY!

THE FRIEND, UNDER THE POWER OF EVIL, RAISES A HEAVY SLEDGE HAMMER AND ADVANCES TOWARD THE LAMP OF GOOD!

I MUST GET A BREATH OF THE GOOD SMOKE TO BRING BACK MY STRENGTH!

A CLOUD OF THE SMOKE ENVELOPES HIM.

AH! HOW FINE, HOW CLEAN THIS SMOKE IS! MY WEAKNESS HAS LEFT ME!

AND, THE VISION TURNS TO LEAP AT THE NAZI.

HA! ROCHNER, YOU COULD NOT MAKE THE VISION EVIL!

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!

NOW, ROCHNER, WE WILL REPAIR THE DAMAGE YOU HAVE DONE!

TAKE A GOOD BREATH OF THE SMOKE FROM THE LAMP OF GOOD!

I-I HAVE DONE WRONG! I WILL CALL THE NATIVES OFF!

SOON AFTER, PROFESSOR BLAINE AND THE NATIVES ARE ALSO FREED FROM THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SPELL.

LEST ANY WRONG-DOERS GET SOME MORE IDEAS, I'M DESTROYING THE LAMP OF EVIL!

YOU ARE RIGHT, VISION! ONLY THE URN OF GOOD MUST REMAIN!

PROFESSOR BLAINE, WILL YOU FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE?

LOOK, ROCHNER, THE VISION IS DISAPPEARING IN THE SMOKE FROM THE LAMP OF GOOD!

BUT THE VISION WILL RETURN AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF AUBREL AND NEXT TIME, HE BATTLES TO PROTECT HIS OWN SECRET FROM THE JAPS!

MEANTIME— PROTECT OUR SECRET OF HAPPINESS BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS!

Terry Vance

The Green Ant Sleuth

TERRY VANCE AND DR. WATSON MEET THEIR MATCH IN SHIRLEY BOOTH AND 'GOSSIP' WHEN THEY GET IN THE GROOVE TO SOLVE THE ---

BLACK MARKET BOOGIE WOOGIE

ONE MORNING WHILE TERRY IS BUSY IN HIS CRIME LAB, THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR---

COME IN!

GREETINGS, GENIUS! PREPARE YOURSELF!

I WANT YOU TO MEET MY PUBLISHER'S DAUGHTER--SHIRLEY BOOTH, THE SUB-DEB SLUETH! THE OVER-GROWN SPARROW IS GOSSIP HER RIGHT-HAND MAN!

HELLO, TERRY VANCE!

A CLUE FACTOR

INTERESTED IN DETECTING, EH? WELL IF I CAN HELP---

YOU HELP ME? HA HA! I ONLY CAME TO PROVE THAT I'M BETTER THAN YOU!

ME TOO, ANY

INCOGNITO DR. WATSON PICKS AN ARGUMENT!

CHINK!

HEY!

AAAT

STOP IT!

LOOK OUT! AIR RAID!

HA-HA!

A BLOCK BUSTER FOR A BLOCK HEAD! AWK!

BONK

EEK!

A FEW HECTIC MINUTES LATER

I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE MISS BOOTH, BUT I REALLY HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO!

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY YOU CAN'T TAKE IT— HA! HA!

DEADLINE WHISPERS AN APOLOGY TO TERRY!

THAT'S OKAY! FORGET IT!

I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN GET RID OF HER!

LATER...DEADLINE EXPLAINS

SHE'S BUGGY ABOUT CRIME! SO SHE MADE HER FATHER BRING HER INTO THE OFFICE. I HAD TO PROMISE TO KEEP MY EYE ON HER UNTIL FIVE O'CLOCK!

WHAT A MESS! WELL WHERE HAVE YOU GOT HER TIED UP?

SHE PROMISED TO GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND LOOK THROUGH THE FILES— WHAT TH

HMM. LOOK! AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO ME!

CHK CHK

IT'S FROM SHIRLEY!

WHAT?! LET ME SEE!

Dear Mr. Vance,

I think you're really not right! I'm Alone Here. I say... I come 11... Smile Sgt. For me, Daddy...? By the barge... on the S.S. All Sleepless Express

OOHH! SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING! THE OLD MAN WILL SKIN ME ALIVE!

DON'T GET EXCITED. SHE JUST WANTS TO KEEP US BUSY ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

TWO HOURS LATER---

I'M HORRIBLED, TERRY! WE'D BETTER TRY TO FIND HER!

OKAY! I'LL BE THROUGH HERE IN A MINUTE!

LET'S SEE THAT NOTE AGAIN!

YOU'RE WASTING TIME, TERRY! SHE MAY BE IN REAL TROUBLE BY NOW!

HMM! JIVE TALK--- YOU'D HAVE TO WEAR A ZOOT SUIT TO GET THIS LINGO! LET'S SEE---

OOH! CAN'T YOU HURRY? I'VE GOT A FIVE O'CLOCK DEAD-LINE!

MAYBE SHE WENT TO A DANCE!

AT NOON TIME? HARDLY---BUT THIS IS WHAT SHE WOULD CALL A CODE!

THE SCHOOL BOY SLUETH GOES TO WORK!

SEVEN COME ELEVEN SNAKE-EYES— DIG ME—HMM!

"SEVEN COME ELEVEN" MEANS DICE OR GAMBLING! AND "DIG ME" PROBABLY MEANS FOR US TO FOLLOW HER!

FOLLOW? WHERE TO?

I DON'T KNOW YET BUT "SNAKE-EYES" GIVES ME A HUNCH! COME ON!

AW! LET HER STAY IN TROUBLE!

SHE'D PICK ON GAMBLING FOR HER FIRST CASE! ALL BEGINNERS DO!

I HOPE SO!

WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE IS THIS "EIGHT TO THE BARGE"!

PROBABLY MISPELLED IT!

SHE'S TOO TRICKY FOR THAT— / WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

FIRST CLUE— FIRST STOP!

I GET IT! A GAMBLING JOINT! SHE'S ON TO SOMETHING OLD SNAKE EYE SMITH IS UP TO! NICE WORK, PAL!

THE SNAKE'S DEN

TERRY ENTERS THE DEKLAND TRYS AN OLD GAG---

MESSAGE FOR MR. SMITH?

NOT HERE. HE'S GONE SAILING!

IT DOESN'T TAKE TERRY LONG TO FIND OUT WHERE SMITH'S YACHT IS USUALLY ANCHORED!

THAT SIGN MEAN ANYTHING, DEADLINE?

NOW! RIGHT TO THE BARGE! THE PIECES ARE FITTING TOGETHER NICELY!

TERRY ASKS A FEW QUESTIONS

SMITH? YES HE USUALLY DOCKS HERE— SAILED ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO! I BELIEVE THE GIRL YOU DESCRIBE WAS ON BOARD!

THANKS! NEXT STOP WILL BE THE HARBOR POLICE, DEADLINE!

THE BOYS ARE WELCOMED BY THE POLICE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! WE'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET SMITH FOR YEARS!

WE'RE DIGGING HER, PA TERRY!

AFTER A FAST RIDE UP THE RIVER....

I'M HONORED GENTLEMEN! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

MAYBE WE WANT TO RENT YOUR BOAT?

THEY AIN'T WORTH THE TROUBLE!

POLICE

ON DECK, DR. WATSON LOOKS THE SITUATION OVER AND MAKES A DISCOVERY!

WHAT THE—

CHK CHK

FOUND HER ALREADY? GOOD WORK!

HELLO!

BUNGLER! I WOULD HAVE SOLVED THIS CASE IN ANOTHER HOUR!

WHAT IS THIS? GET OFF MY BOAT! ALL OF YOU!

HE'S RIGHT! WE HAVE NO SEARCH WARRANT!

JUST A MINUTE! WHAT "CASE" MISS BOOTH?

JUST THEN GOSSIP LETS LOOSE WITH A VERBAL BARRAGE AT DR. WATSON---

AVAST! DON'T TRY TO STOW AWAY! YOU SIMIAN SHRIMP! AWK! AWK!

YOU FLYING FEATHER DUSTER! BRZZZ!

I'LL KNOCK YOU OFF, YOU CAM-OUFLAGED ZERO!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

BONG!

AWK

DR. WATSON MAKES A STRATEGIC RETREAT!

AWK AWK

CHK CHK

GET THIS BLASTED ZOO OFF MY BOAT!

THUD

BANG! BANG!

AWK

CHK

THE SEDUM CONTINUES UNTIL SUDDENLY--

MR. SMITH, QUICK!

WHAT NOW?

?

LISTEN SZZZZ SZZZZ

WHAT!

MAN THE PUMPS! THE BOAT'S ON FIRE!

HOLY SMOKES!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

MR. SMITH— WE'VE ALREADY PUT IT OUT! THE MONKEY UPSET THE OIL LAMP IN THE HOLD!

YOU FOOL!

THAT SETTLES IT! FIRST, YOU TRESPASS AND NOW YOU SET FIRE TO MY PROPERTY! GET OFF BEFORE I---

SNIFF SNIFF. HMMMM?

ACTING ON A WILD HUNCH, TERRY BOLTS FOR THE DOOR TO THE COMPANION WAY!

STOP HIM!

EXCUSE PLEASE!

TERRY COMES BACK A FEW MINUTES LATER. HOWEVER...

HEY! SMITH IS RUNNING A BLACK MARKET ON TIRES! HE— OH, OH!

VERY TRUE MY INDUSHTIVE YOUNG FRIEND, TOO TRUE FOR YOUR SAKE! RAISE YOUR HANDS!

I TRIED TO TELL YOU THAT BEFORE BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! OF COURSE, I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THE—

QUIET! GET BELOW, ALL OF YOU!

TERRY MOTIONS TO DR. WATSON

NONE OF YOU WILL LIVE TO CONVICT ME! HA! HA! HA!

OKAY, PAL! I GET IT!

AND THE MONK UNDERSTANDS PERFECTLY.

BOY—THIS IS TEAMWORK! HOPE THAT PARROT'S WATCHING!

NICE WORK!

A SHORT TIME LATER, HEADING FOR HOME WITH A FULL CARGO!

LISTEN TO THIS! SMITH USED HIS GAMBLING CASINO TO MAKE LOSERS PAY OFF IN TIRES OR, HE'D EXPOSE THEM---

LOOKS LIKE A TIE. DETECTIVES BOOTH AND VANCE— BUT, HEY! YOUR DAD WILL SIGN ME FOR KEEPING YOU OUT!

I DON'T THINK SO! HA! HA! HE'S A NEWSPAPER MAN AND YOU'VE GOT A SCOOP, PAL!

TERRY VANCE AND DR. WATSON "DIG" THEIR WAY THRU A NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL.

The ANGEL
DEATH
WALKED OUT OF THE MORGUE TO LEAVE A TRAIL OF
TERROR!
BUT
THE ANGEL
SEES THE GRIM SHADOW AND STALKS
THE DEATH THAT WALKED
INTO ITS EVIL LAIR AND FINDS ITS HUSHED SECRET!
WHAT IS IT?
SCHROTTER

A STRANGE FACE, A STRANGE CALL— AND THE START OF A STRANGE STORY.

LISTEN CAREFULLY! THIS IS A TIP-OFF ON MAXIE MUGGS.

NOT MANY BLOCKS AWAY, THE POLICE ARE RECEIVING THE CALL.

WHAT? MAXIE MUGGS?... AT THE GROVE TAVERN?... HELLO--- HELLO--- HE HUNG UP!

AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE POLICE RACE TO THE TAVERN.

OKAY, MEN! DRAW YOUR GUNS—HE'S A KILLER!

SECONDS LATER... BLUE-COATED LAW-MEN ENTER THE TAVERN.

THERE HE IS!

HANDS HIGH, MAXIE!

NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT, COPPERS!

GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE AIR, AND...

OW-W! OHHH!

WE GOT HIM!

BANG!

BANG

LATER THAT NIGHT IN THE CITY MORGUE— A GRIM SENTINEL OF JUSTICE LOOKS AT THE SILENT FIGURE ON THE SLAB... IT IS THE ANGEL!

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF MAXIE!

YUP... SOME GUY MUST HAVE HAD IT IN FOR HIM.

WE GOT AN ANONYMOUS CALL... FELLOW WHO TALKED WITH A SQUEAK. HE HUNG UP BEFORE WE COULD TRACE HIM.

WITH A SQUEAK?

HMM! SOUNDS LIKE LIMPY MARCUS... HE WAS KICKED OUT OF MAXIES GANG SOME TIME AGO.

GUESS I'LL RUN ALONG NOW.

GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, ANGEL.

AND LATER, IN THE MORGUE---

GUESS I'LL SWEEP UP AND CALL IT A NIGHT.

WHAT THE---! THERE MUST BE A DRAFT MOVING TH' SHEET ON MAXIE'S CARCASS---

SLOWLY, GROTESQUELY, MAXIE COMES TO LIFE.

HE'S ALIVE!

YEAH!

Morning Star

MAXIE MUGGS DISAPPEARS
PORTER STRANGLED
POLICE BELIEVE MAXIE'S BODY WAS TAKEN FROM MORGUE BY HIS GANG. NO CLUES EVIDENT.

THIS NEW, MYSTERIOUS DEVELOPMENT DEEPLY CONCERNS THE ANGEL, AS HE HEADS FOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

I DON'T GET IT--- WHAT USE WOULD THE MOB HAVE FOR MAXIE'S BODY?

SUDDENLY— THE ANGEL IS APPROACHED BY A SHADDY FIGURE---

LIMPY MARCUS— OR AM I WRONG?

NAW! YER RIGHT, ANGEL— I GOTTA SEE YUH --- AT MY HOTEL ROOM— IT'S ABOUT MAXIE!

IN THE HOTEL--

MAXIE MUGGS, IS ALIVE?

ALIVE!

SPILL IT, LIMPY!

YEAH--- SAW HIM LAST NIGHT. B'LIEVE ME, HE AIN'T DEAD LIKE DE COPS T'INK!

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS, LIMPY?

CUZ I SQUEALED ON HIM--- HE HAD IT COMIN'. HE DONE DIS TO MY FACE! I'M AFRAID, ANGEL, I NEED YER PROTECTION

"WHERE YA GOIN', ANGEL? DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!

I'LL BE BACK. I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.

AS THE ANGEL DESCENDS THE STAIRS---

BANG! BANG! BANG!

GUNFIRE--- FROM LIMPY'S ROOM!

GUESS LIMPY WAS RIGHT! BETTER TACKLE THAT GUY FROM THE REAR

THE ANGEL STRIKES!

THAT'S ENOUGH TARGET PRACTICE FOR YOU---

SPEEDING UP TO THE ROOF, THE ANGEL DISCARDS HIS CIVILIAN GARB AND MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE.

NOW--- IF I CAN MAKE HIM TALK!

THE ANGEL'S FIST STRIKES HOME.

TAKE THIS TO YOUR BOSS!

OW-W!

WOW! HE LOST HIS BALANCE!

YIIEEE!

GEEZE! WHAT A WALLOP!! IS HE ALIVE?

I DON'T KNOW— AFTER A FALL LIKE THAT··· C'MON!

HE'S STILL ALIVE!

WATCH IT! HE'S STILL HANGIN' ONTA DE GUN!

BUT THE GUNMAN ENDS HIS OWN MISERY.

BANG

OHH!

THE PAIN MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

CRIPES! WHAT A WAY TO KNOCK OFF!

A QUICK SEARCH REVEALS—

NO IDENTIFICATION ON HIM— NOTHING BUT THIS CARD— "DR. WELDON FISHER, 145 PARK DRIVE"··· KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS DOCTOR, LIMPY?

THE ANGEL POCKETS THE CARD.

ER··· NAW! NEVER HEARD OF THE SAW-BONES.

CALL THE POLICE TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO DO.

IN THE STREET—

I WONDER HOW DOCTOR FISHER FITS INTO THIS?

MINUTES LATER—

LET'S SEE— DOCTOR FISHER'S APARTMENT SHOULD BE ON THIS SIDE—

NIMBLE FEET CARRY THE ANGEL ALOFT.

AH! HERE WE ARE— NOW TO GET INSIDE

HMM! LOOKS LIKE AN ELECTRICAL LAB. QUEER PLACE TO HAVE ONE

GUINEA PIGS— AND— HEY!

JUST THEN—

I'M SORRY YOU CAME HERE, ANGEL!

AT YOUR SERVICE, DOCTOR FISHER?

GREAT GUNS! A GUINEA WITHOUT A BODY— AND IT'S MOVING— ALIVE!

SIDNEY, THE ANGEL ADVANCES.

NO! STAND BACK!

WHY, DOCTOR FISHER— YOU'RE TREMBLING!

THE GUN MIGHT GO OFF AND THAT WOULD NOT BE SO GOOD FOR ME, SO---

H-NO! STOP!

THERE! THAT'S BETTER!

STOP! YOU'RE HURTING HIM.

IT'S NO USE--- I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING.

YOU'RE AFRAID OF SOME ONE, DOCTOR. IT WOULDN'T BE MAXIE MUGGS, BY CHANCE?

OH, HE KNOWS!

THERE'S NO SENSE IN SHIELDING IT FROM YOU, ANGEL. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US.

IT ALL STARTED IN A NIGHT CLUB WHERE MAXIE MET MY DAUGHTER, CELIA SHE TOLD HIM ABOUT MY WORK-- EXPERIMENTING WITH CERTAIN ELECTRICAL FREQUENCIES ON THE BRAIN---

---I SUCCEEDED IN MAKING GUINEA PIGS IMMUNE TO DEATH, SO LONG AS THEIR BRAINS WERE UNDAMAGED. MAXIE SAW THE CHANCE FOR IMMORTALITY, BLACKMAILED MY DAUGHTER, AND FORCED ME TO WORK ON HIM. THE OPERATION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

THAT EXPLAINS MAXIE'S DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE MORGUE. HE WALKED OUT!

AND— THE IMMORTAL MAXIE WALKS IN!

---MY, WHAT A TOUCHING STORY!

GET THE ANGEL FIRST!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

THE MOB SLAMS INTO THE ANGEL, AND--

SLUG 'IM!

COME AND GET IT!

OW-W! WHAT HIT ME?

OVERWHELMING ODDS FINALLY SUBDUE THE BATTLING ANGEL.

ALL RIGHT, PICK HIM UP!

OKAY, BOSS!

UGHAW--

STRAP HIM IN TH' HOT SEAT! I'M GOING TO REVERSE THE OPERATION.

NO! DON'T! YOU'LL DESTROY HIS BRAIN!

THE ANGEL HAS NO BRAINS - OTHERWISE HE WOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE.

YOU MURDERER!

YOU'D BETTER THINK FAST, ANGEL!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, ANGEL. AFTER I PULL THIS SWITCH YOU'LL BE A SPUTTERING IDIOT.

THAT'LL MAKE TWO OF US, THEN!

BUT... A STUNTED FIGURE CRASHES ON THE SCENE.

LIMPY! LIMPY MARCUS!

YEAH- ME! LIMPY MARCUS! WITH A DOSE OF POISON FER YA!

A GUNSHOT BARKS OUT—

YA AIN'T POISONIN' DA BOSS TODAY, SQUIRT!

BANG!

OW-W!

LIMPY WHEELS AROUND, PRESSES THE TRIGGER, AND DEATH TAKES ITS TOLL.

DRINK IT, BOYS! DRINK IT!

YAAA!

EEEE!

AGHRR!

OW-W

WHY, THE LITTLE PUNK

NOW FER YOUR DEATH DOSE, MAX!

YAHHHH!

BA-TA-TAT

THE PAIN—OWWW! SHOOT ME IN THE HEAD! I CAN'T DIE— AIEEE! I CAN'T DIE!

BUT WHAT SUSTAINS LIFE, ALSO DESTROYS IT! MAXIE MUGGS FALLS BACK AGAINST THE ELECTRICAL APPARATUS.

AAGH!

HA! SO IT GOTCHA, MAXIE— JUST LIKE IT GOT ME!

YEAH, ANGEL. MAX DIDN'T WANT TO BE DE FIRST HUMAN TO BE TRIED OUT ON DA DOC'S MACHINE. SO, HE FORCED ME TO. IT CRIPPLED ME— TORE MY FACE APART.

OH! SO YOU *KNEW* ABOUT THIS. NO WONDER YOU WERE AFRAID OF MAX!

9

THAT'S RIGHT. THE FIRST TIME, SOMETHING WENT WRONG. I CORRECTED THE MISTAKE AND MAXIE'S OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL— *TOO SUCCESSFUL!*

FORGET THE EXPLANATIONS AND GET ME OUT OF THIS THING!

SUDDENLY, LIMPY GOES BERSERK!

WAIT! I AIN'T THROUGH! TH' DOC'S GONNA GET IT FER USING DAT MACHINE ON ME!

STOP! IT WASN'T HIS FAULT!

HE COLLAPSED! LOSS OF BLOOD FROM HIS WOUND!

I'M AFRAID THIS **WAS** ALL MY FAULT, ANGEL.

WELL, IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE FUNERALS!

ONCE AGAIN, THE **SHADOW OF THE ANGEL** FALLS OVER A SCENE OF CRIME THAT HAS RUN THE GAMUT THAT LED TO **DEATH.**

THE ANGEL— HE'S GONE!

NO— NOT GONE. HE'LL NEVER BE GONE WHEN INNOCENT PEOPLE NEED HIM.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MY NOTES AND PLANS— I'M DESTROYING THEM BEFORE THEY DESTROY HUMANITY.

PERHAPS IT **IS** FOR THE BEST. IT HAS CREATED ENOUGH MISERY!

WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH.

THE ANGEL RETURNS IN EVERY ISSUE OF *MARVEL COMICS* WITH THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT.

FREE WITH THIS OFFER

33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT

You can now own a genuine high powered telescope by making it in one evening of easy work. It is included **FREE** with this Special Offer of "Wonders of Science, Simplified." All the optical parts are completely finished for a refracting, astronomical telescope over 4 feet long. You can see the mountains & craters on the moon, the ringed planet Saturn, Jupiter and double stars, etc. See airplanes, ships and hundreds of other interesting sights. Makes objects miles away appear close. Complete lens kit contains 2" diameter ground and polished objective lens and 33 power eyepiece lens made in the U.S.A. with full directions for mounting. Read how you can get your 33 power telescope lens kit **FREE** with this offer.

WONDERS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE IN THRILLING STORY AND 1,000 PICTURES

You can now enter the wondrous world of tomorrow. You can now go on thrilling tours through the wonderland of Science. Here is the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope. Here are tours through talking picture studios and television studios. Here is aviation opening up the new world of speed and distance. And here, too, is the photo-electric cell, the marvelous eagle eye that will make men of the future supermen. These and hundreds of others are all yours in the three exciting volumes of WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED.

3 GREAT VOLUMES BOUND TOGETHER CONTAIN 1,000 PICTURES AND 15 BOOKS

This fascinating work contains three thrilling volumes bound together. It is packed with a thousand pictures which simplify its contents. Think of it—dozens and dozens, hundreds and hundreds of scientific pictures. Pictures of all kinds on Mechanics, Astronomy, Physics, Biology, etc.—dynamic diagrams, panoramic illustrations, and action-photographs up to 100 square inches in size! These hundreds and hundreds of dazzling illustrations cram three gorgeous volumes—and each of the three volumes is almost a foot high, and when opened, over a foot wide!

YOUR FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE YOU

Through the simplicity of the text, the tremendous record of Science is brought lavishly before you. The mightiest marvels of mankind thrill you as you read their stories. Invention, Geography, Zoology, Engineering, etc.—they are so simple and easy to understand. No wonder every person who has read and mastered this exciting wonderbook becomes a "walking encyclopedia" and is looked up to by his friends as a "scientific wizard."

BIG FREE OFFER—SEND NO MONEY

These three great profusely-illustrated volumes of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (bound together) formerly sold for $5.00. But it is offered to you now for only $1.98 plus postage. Act at once and we will include FREE with your order the 33 power long distance telescope lens kit described above. You take no risk because you must be 100% delighted or you may return for full refund within five days. ACT NOW—as this offer is limited to the supply of 33 power telescope lens kits available. This offer may never be yours again. So RUSH COUPON AT ONCE.

HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

3 Volumes Bound in 1

Volume I— PARTIAL CONTENTS

WONDERS OF NATURE

BOOK 1. History & Mystery of Astronomy
How Men Used to Think of Earth and Sky
How the Solar System Originated
The Enormous Size of Some Stars

BOOK 2. Oddest Phenomena on Earth
Amazing Fountains of Boiling Water
A Marvellous Mountain of Solid Salt

BOOK 3. Watching the World Change
How Continents and Oceans Were Formed
How We Know Ground Sinks and Rises
Strange Tale of a Buried Town

BOOK 4. Secrets of Weather Simplified
Storms on Sun and Storms on Earth
The Strange Antics of a Ball of Fire

BOOK 5. Through Wonderland of History
The Regions of Frost and Fire
The Inside of an Active Volcano

Volume II— PARTIAL CONTENTS

WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE

BOOK 6. Pictorial Outline of Progress
Nearly Two Centuries of Steamships
Queer Forerunners of the Motor-Car
Development of the Modern Locomotive

BOOK 7. Amazing Adventures in Science
The Mystery of the Burning Glass
The Marvel of the Electro-Magnet
The Wonder of the Infra-Red Rays

BOOK 8. Seven Wonders of Modern World
How a Telescope Brings Things Near
How a Microscope Makes Things Big
The Latest Method of Television

BOOK 9. Manual of Simplified Experiments
Science Experiments for Everybody
Experiments With Simple Chemicals

BOOK 10. Nine Great Inventions Work
Inside of a Great Modern Steamship
A Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off
How a Submarine Sinks and Rises

Volume III— PARTIAL CONTENTS

WONDERS OF LIFE

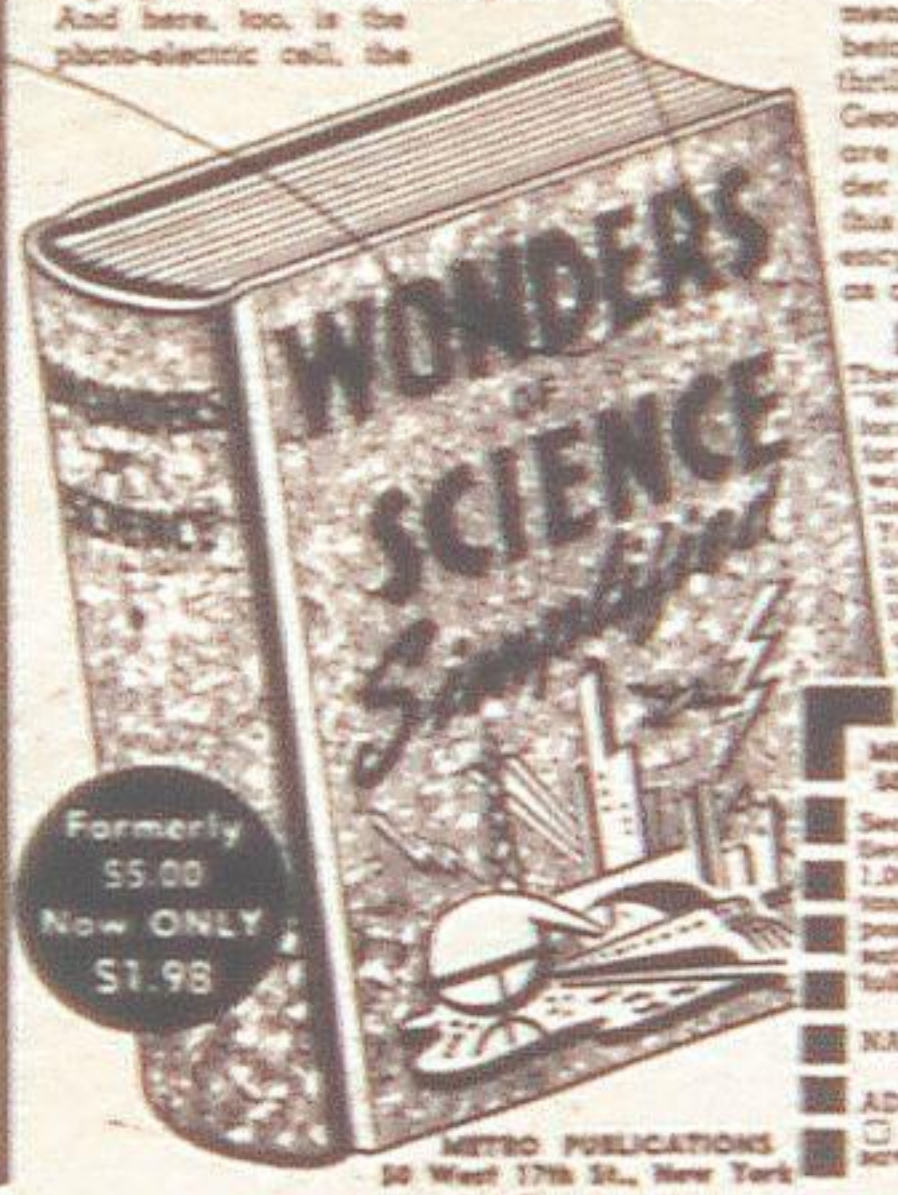
BOOK 11. Creatures in Prehistoric Ages
Life on Earth 30 Million Years Ago
Life on Earth 250,000 Years Ago

BOOK 12. Marvels of Plant Life
Plants That Catch and Eat Insects
Strange Freaks of Plant Growth

BOOK 13. Strangest Fish in the Sea
Queer Nightmares of the Deep Sea
Queer Fishes That Crawl on Land

BOOK 14. The Animal Wonder Book
The Animal the World Nearly Lost
The Ugliest of All the Animals

BOOK 15. Miraculous Machine called Man
The Wonderful Way the Brain Works
What Your Body Looks Like Inside



METRO PUBLICATIONS
30 West 17th St., New York

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 175
30 West 17th Street, New York

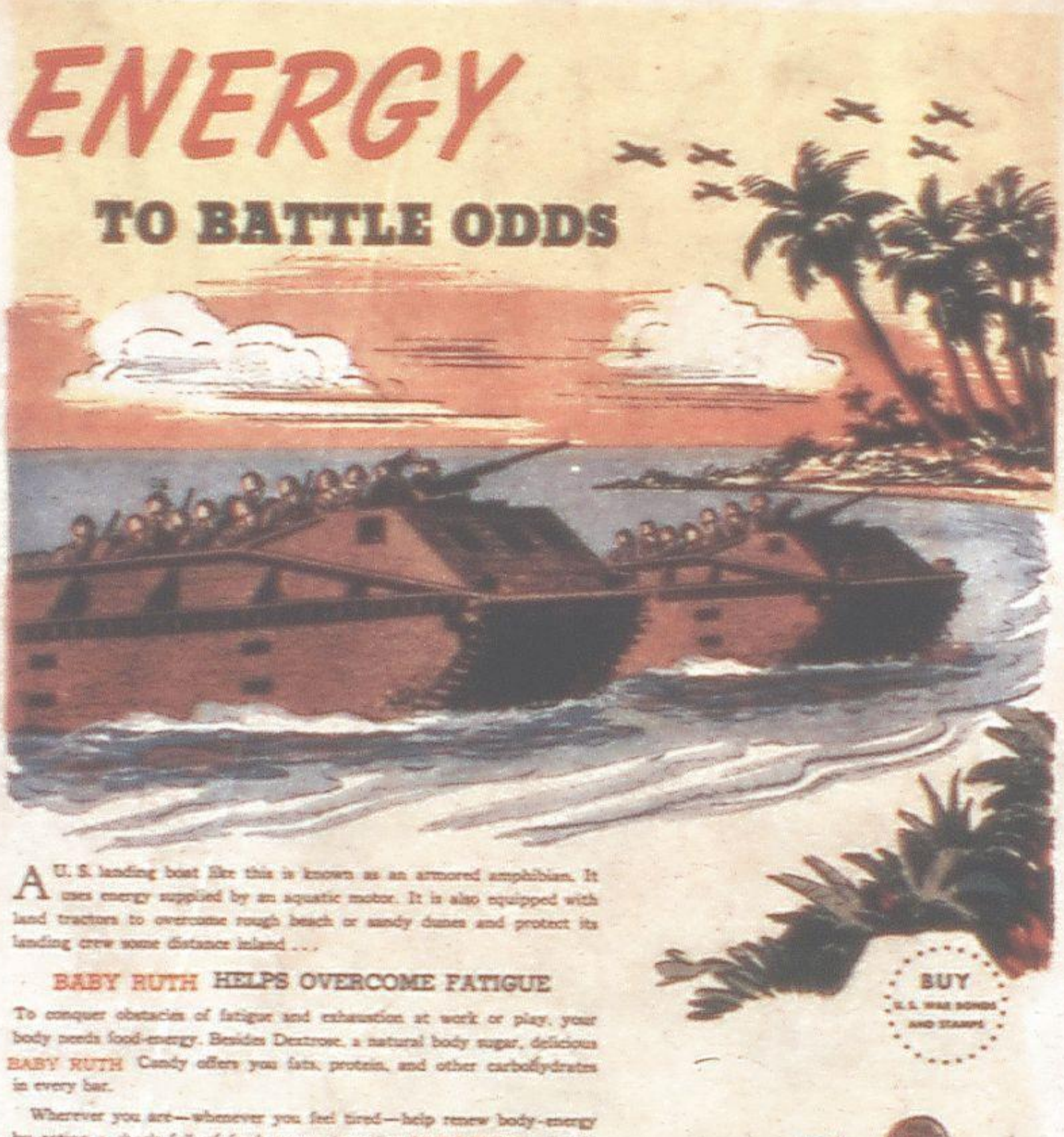
Send me a copy of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (three dazzling volumes bound together, over 1,000 illustrations) . . . also include my long distance telescope lens kit with this order. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

☐ Check here if you are enclosing $1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same guarantee).

ENERGY
TO BATTLE ODDS



A U. S. landing boat like this is known as an armored amphibian. It uses energy supplied by an aquatic motor. It is also equipped with land tractors to overcome rough beach or sandy dunes and protect its landing crew some distance inland . . .

BABY RUTH HELPS OVERCOME FATIGUE

To conquer obstacles of fatigue and exhaustion at work or play, your body needs food-energy. Besides Dextrose, a natural body sugar, delicious BABY RUTH Candy offers you fats, protein, and other carbohydrates in every bar.

Wherever you are—whenever you feel tired—help renew body-energy by eating a chock-full-of-food-energy tempting BABY RUTH rich in important Dextrose and other vital food ingredients.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Producers of Fine Foods

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

SEND A BOX TO YOUR BOY IN SERVICE!

TELL MOMS TO BAKE EASY-TO-MAKE COOKIES WITH BABY RUTH RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER